THE

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WITHOUT BENEFIT OF DECLARATION

Listen here, Joe,
Don't you know
That tomorrow
You got to go
Out yonder
Where the steel winds
Blow?

Listen here, kid,
It's been said
Tomorrow you'll be dead
Out there where
The snow is lead.

Don't ask me why.
Just go ahead and die,
Hidden from the sky
Out yonder
You'll lie.

A medal to your family —
In exchange for
A guy.

Mama, don't cry !

— Langston Hughes

US: COLORED

So strange.
We are completely out of range —
Becomes a cause
Beyond the laws —
So strange.

— Langston Hughes

GOOD HERE IS EVIL

Amorous languorous trust
in sound principal's lasting
endowment of living . . .
But interest's added to death —
all compounded in tables
which feel never loving . . .
Seize lushest bonds in translation !
Express its real labor of meaning,
by insisting on cashing this now.

We're aflight in gold, sunlighted facts
anent money and tiger-moth wings
over young dahlias.
Go paint such green leaves
to enable young blossoms . . . leaving
all munchness to wormers in stumps
of aged memos for creditor fastness.

This is treason for bankers and bores ;
but free gardens grow priceless and
usury's Christless. So faithful save false,
while agnostics obey what He said.

— James Boyer May

DESPAIR

Feeble for power, hungry
groping, suffering the need. Un-
easiness at the want of possession
requested, requesting no
littleness.
There lies abandoned hope, mournful
reckless and bloody. Mortal matter
absolutely . . . The best known expression
stopped.

(O things clear, plain, but
O persons obvious, evident, if . . .
O manners expressive, manifest
and depraved. O rules of contradiction
difference and of opposite depressions :
Here is another common expense : to question
the necessity of dying)

Mangy desperation, greedy, timed
by cowardly ghosts. Blamable birth
formulas, fashionable tomorrows — paternal
and related by thorough universals : breath
letters, numbers, speech : YOU and them.
Fathomless subtleties, actual, unquiet and
throbbing, throbbed, throbbing.
Acute endowments forced into space
becoming alienated, feelingly
Foreign asunder
as before and after something lost
or found. Answering no prophecies
unconditionally, churchly armour
withdraws.

A cavity
containing pus, unstately. An
avalanche of chartered sabbaths, shrewd
legends, doctrines — fabricated and
richly clouded ; cloudy, clouding.
Symmetrically summed — no kindred
machines — every claims retards YOU. Traditions
not related ; things destitute of humanity
which belongs to YOU. So be destination :
From the dark kingdom to the civil cave.
without fortunes, robbed. Feasible death
gathering volume ; primitive and now
Uncultivated, uncultivating
cattle.

— Charles W. Jordan, jr.

TO NEVER SEE

If in rarest love I held
no pride in swollen lust
oh, how tender to touch his breast
his eyes held, filled with me

To touch his lips, his ears
oh, where to touch him last
for we are one to touch so near
so near. And then be gone

Oh, never as rainbow touching earth
oh, must as cavern in the sea
if this be pride and swollen lust
let blindness cut our hold.

— Cerise Farallon

NOTE IN PASSING

Cenotaph, in the setting sun
I, oh, I am the one
but how can you hold me
barren as I am barren
oh, empty as I am

People pass
their homage in restless number
and I am numb
remembering

If I could climb
downwards
to the flower
or the elf

Oh, selfless —
my word is the stone
to ring the homeless
true

— Cerise Farallon

THE BIRTH OF VENUS

Stripper by the sea
strip for fountain
stripper rock thus born

Mulligan

This rock is pure
breaking the tide by three
tie rock
for full we brang

Pellican of love
shell born

small wave begun

Homo

Here your stones
are shattered

— Cerise Farallon

PALM TREE

Sometimes palm trees
bush the longing
wind

wings against the sky
like free hands
fingering along
the skylands

or bend the wrist
of a trunk
in the longing
wind

— Robert L. Peters

IN WINDS OF TIME

Sometimes his skin
was taut along the lines
of bone but in wind
he had no flesh
had no skin
to bind wind out
to bind wind in

Pale without flesh
just silverbone gleaming bone
gleaming bare
under bloodglare moon
his ribs like bands
of silver-metal
to hold the voidness in
his skull like a hull
of blanche-white steel
flame-hued within
with the wind flowing through the hollows of his eyes

He spread the bone-fingers of his hands
like fanes of white-sticks
held yearningly
to a blood-glare moon

— Robert L. Peters

LUST

There was a little boy
burning in the flames
developed out of joy
that earned the tremulous name
of desire
within fire
the youth struggled to escape
and mute-pleaded with his eyes
at the uselessness of fate
that carboned out his eyes
with wisdom . . . for so it is known . . .

even the wise
know desire
and this fire
wherein always little boys
are burning in the flame
but the wise are blind to all but joy
or at least they call it by this name.

— Robert L. Peters

ENDS OF THE EARTH

and still
the spring seeps, pitiful, into early blood
and lovers look eternal
under the floating moon
the moon-held trees.
    Across an ocean, guns,
    bodies beautiful as deer
    and eyes like purple grapes
    are dead in the mud.
As always
the jonquil light slides cold
along the bedroom wall
and two turn vaguely warm
against each other.
    On a peninsula
    where once gods walked
    children like cameos
    starve in the zeus-sun.
Now as ever
kitchens smell of bread
tired muscles curve to chairs
the cups are filled
and the flower of night unfolds.
    The shell will crack
    the ocean lap against all doors ;
    astonished, we shall see
    our tortured self, shall see our home.

— Miriam Jans

SYMBOL

Symbol is blade green-pointed
explosive in black dew
through crust
of earth.

Symbol is fission of light
through phoenix death
feathered to star
and retina.

Symbol is water blind-dripping
through tissue of terror
to measured blood
of knowing.

Symbol is asia and ancient
sand through the glass
harp wind saying
future.

— Miriam Jans

DISTORT XXX

Expand reluctant

dream the vapor blend
and morrows boil.

Quick shake the chaff
the musk and heaving sigh

a weaving bursts
where whys rebound.

New fragments slag
the muffle.

— Bob Nystedt

WORLD BEHIND THE CLOCK

Twenty wild horses and thunder rise,
Vault over mesa, take the imaginative
Leap,
Plunge unreined into valley. Sound
Follows,
Hallooing in wind.
The words untethered, lather the horses grazing
Unbridled on nettle rutted
Hill. Thunder intones the distant mountain
To answer unexplored hill
Booming.

This is the world behind the clock warmly wise ;
The circle of minute hands can never touch the wonder,
Twenty wild horses and thunder
Rise,
Vault over mesa. Elation encountering sound
Fathers thought immeasurable.

— Irene G. Dayton

UPON THIS ROCK

The mind below madness
sane with spade-calling
is a heterogenous eye
moving when all else is still,
red with the embers of decaying ire
metallic and corroding.

It is a horrid emptiness
sitting on a rock
of petrified convictions.

Its wing-spread is enormous
covering hell
and scattering heaven
with one flap
of sardonic pinions.

It has pushed up through the pan-urge
reeling with sanity.

— Jirel Travis

THE HERMIT'S THRONE

The mountain is a height that is with meaning
the meaning cataracting its austere clefts
the symbol having a meaning beyond symbol

The certainties that devastate the valley
are dim remembered in this height, the certainties
that permeate the sky are potently apprehended

The reign of stone is out of its age
the might of the weather is out of its age
the calculations of anthropomorphic God is ageless

Only the ages of man build mountains valleyless
cliffs without cataracts, height without meaning
the bosom without love living in dread

— Judson Crews

BEREFT OF CANDOR

The codlin is sour upon its bow
the lion's old heart is lisping low
the season is mellowed by raking showers
drawn by cincture beyond their stone shelters
    stone in stone upon stone

The camphor flares in the portled hue
lifting the sun in sequestered ray
naughting the negations herded in living
through the parodies of habitual leaving
    disaster a consummate care

The cascara opens a rainbow of light
birthing the mythical paradigms of myth
the serried Sets are potent as wonder
satelliting the wonder's great anger
    serried in files of full failure.

— Judson Crews

MEANINGS

(*Situation : a mother and three-year-old, and a middle-aged woman and man ascending in an elevator*)

A three-year-old speaks :
Evil doeth they in mine eyes,
holding fast their nettled looks,
coming with flippant care :
such a twist, a shrug, a flair.

Searching plainly — (their out-spoken
looks) — ' wrong or eh?'
Answering fearfully (looking
towards the earth) : thou
wasn't such and such.

A psychoanalyst speaks :

Men, why doest such awful acts,
a small infant with love for all.
Their looks smattering vomit to him.
Fled he fast, from their sorrowing,
sped to an inner cell — far
from their dreadful looks.

A priest speaks :

Why didst they hold him lightly so?
Didn't the Lord flatter them ! Or
spent they time flying away past His glare
though fare they no better, the least.

They smiteth the eyes, the ears, the skin,
filling his score with filibusters,
till all felt as a feeling and the infant dissolved,
Fluttered far away.
Thus the child, man's God-teller, fell to tragic way —
fearing the stuff of Heaven — always.

— Norman Zarenko

OTHER YEARS

Drought caught us waiting
With its sear hand.
Summer shook till we rattled,
In this hollow land
Rimmed, an urn,
To catch and hold ashes
From the years that burn.

Here ivy fronds curl upward,
Clutch whatever sun
Might, in spirit, survive
Dusk's drum.
While pinioned to the stalk
A cicada scrapes,
And nags the drudging hours
To haul off their weight.

In these and in the heavy
Swing of laden oak,
The horsey tired tailswish
And also by the gate,
The flies that burn the air in ribbons ;
In these, in simulacra,
Our withered moments reticulate,
Netting us, in the end, nothing.

We can only await the cool
Rusts of autumn, the year's
Our own desired departure,
The frieze of years, and yearn
That, in this waste of autumn, the others,
Those other years return.

— Don Silberger

LAST SNOW

Gross, light snowflakes pirouetting through this vast
Aerated ballroom of March sidewalk
Swirl against black limbs,
Headless above wet trodden street,
As you and I floated white and black last night
Through confetti clouds, above polished floors, through hallways
The blueness was dim with sparkles from assorted jewelry.
Your smiling stuck to my dark and sodden body :
By heaps of chairs clung crepe streamers, trampled and gray.

— Don Silberger

ODE TO THE TOAD

Alas, there never was an ode
to the humble toad
who hops and bops around,
bumping brutally on the ground,
emitting his celestial sound —
Cr-oo-ak, Cr-o-ak, Croak.

Surely the world's in foul state
to make the toad wait
centuries and decades long
for some poet to sing his song
of iron pipe grinding on iron gong
with Cr-o-ak, Cr-o-ak.

— Leon Rooke

THE SABBATH

You felt it all, now didn't you?
The religiosity? No?
How S.D.A.'s will pity you !
Perhaps if I said more?
A crowd at a cathedral door?
Sun rays that through
Church portals pass?
(Or God Himself no less?)
High Mass? Low Mass?
Organists (Very bad ones)
That the Divine must hear
And will not censure?
Or perhaps this : I'll
Present a host of Bishops
in vestments? How now?
No? I cannot dish up
Much more. Let's see :
A priest or two?
You don't feel it?
Even I do. Well.
What if I picture the Pope?
O tempora O more !
Still cold? Then for you
We cannot
much
hope.

— Russell Atkins

HOW WOULD I COME UPON A CORPSE?

(On recent occurrences in Cleveland)

How would I come upon a corpse?
With a Look what's here for God's sake!
Or would I profoundly
Mystery hollows who?
Hushed as if 'Sorry, am I intruding?'

— or come upon corpse in a bed?
First incredibly. Then lights!
Sudden aghast, crash, stark
Horror around askew?
No. No, hardly. I'd
Ash the scened mum
As overwhelms long
Overtake me,

— Russell Atkins

BOOKS . . .

A NAME IN AFRICA

Petrus Borel the Lycanthrope, his Life and Times, by Enid Starkie. (New Directions, 1955) $5.00.

The effigy of ' Romanticism ' has been slammed as flat as a dead beaver on the New Jersey Turnpike, but with revelations as true as those presented by Miss Starkie, we can hope for a return of interest in the real Romantic ideal. Various reappraisals of Kleist, Holderin, and Novalis are appearing at Yale, and in the series which includes Miss Starkie's masterful sketch of Gide. Increasing attention to these and other early writers of the movement should reveal that the old ' pro-(supposedly)Classic ' steamroller is puffing its last puffs. And its ultimate collapse may still lead to the rescue of a Muse now cowering behind University turrets.

Miss Starkie writes with wit, scholarship, verve, and compassion. With so little informaion on French poetry available here (some depraved miscreant has stolen the library's one copy of Lautreamont) we can only clamor insatiably for more. Monographs on Corbiere, Lautreamont, Laforgue, and Apollinaire are promised in the author's introduction. If only we could learn more about de Nerval (translator of Faust and idol of the surrealists) and D'Aurevilly (revered by Huysman, and perhaps a granddaddy to Gide and Camus) than appears in the present work. And treated to a book where the scholarship is so patiently and so lovingly accomplished, we still might wish that all the French quotations were translated, that even more of Borel's poetry were included, with perhaps a chronology for good measure.

The precise delight that comes from reading this type of critical biography I remember only in connection with Cameron's *The Young Shelley*, or Hotson on Marlowe. If all our scholars could aspire to this kind of assurance and excitement, or our writers could hold to this level of scholarship, we could dispense with a host of mishmash popularizers like Maurois and Feuchtwanger. When Miss Starkie tells us, ' We know little of Petrus Borel's family life, and nothing of his emotional life,' her patient reconstruction becomes remarkable.

In Borel's major work, *Champavert* (subtitled *Immoral*

Tales) he writes of one hero, described as a sort of Negro Robin Hood, thusly :

> ' Jack was one of those strong characters, one of those powerful brains, born to rule, who unable to breathe in the narrow cage in which fate has placed them, in that society which wants to bend and shrink everything to its own mean size, break forever men whom they loathe, if they do not break with life itself. Three-Fingered Jack was a lycanthrope.'

And in the title story he exclaims ' In Paris there are two lairs, one of thieves and one of murderers ; that of the thieves is the Stock Exchange, that of the murderers is the Court of Law (Palais de Justice).* In introduction to his poems (*Rhapsodes* — 1832), he declared, ' I am a republican in the way a lynx might be. My republicanism is lycanthropy.' And in his magazine, *Liberty* (1832), where Delacroix wrote on painting, he trumpeted, ' Death to the Academy ! Death to the Schools ! Death to the University ! . . . We young men hope for better things.' Needless to say, the work of Borel and his friends was not hailed by officialdom of Sainte-Beuve and Beranger. And that Boheme which had come into being as a protest against the rising materialism of the middle class turned from a fortress into a prison.

The poet is pictured on the dust jacket and frontispiece of the book dressed in the elaborate clothes of the dandy, as he appeared in his heyday amid the gilded youth of Paris. His right hand rests on the head of his beloved spaniel, whom he was later forced to destroy when no longer able to feed him.

Borel speaks out quite pitifully and directly in *Poverty* :

' Work, one believes no longer in miracles to come
Work . . . Eh ! the poverty which howls about my ears,
Smothering out all thought which rises in my breast !
What answer yield to the strains of my lute? . . . I starve ! '†

In Petrus Borel's poetry and in the poetry of his faithful friend, Philothee O'Needy — whose talents were also stifled by government service — Miss Starkie points out strikingly apparent similarities to Baudelaire's later *Fleurs du Mal*. In all the uses of macabre symbols, in Satanism, in the feeling of horror for

*Translation by reviewer.
†Translation by reviewer.

the City, one sees the organic beginnings of Baudelaire's poetic aura.

I would think that Borel's prose realism and his preoccupation with outcasts also bore fruit in the naturalism of Zola and Mirbeau, and perhaps more distantly in the Russians. Here I cannot agree on 'the improbability of the plot' or that '*Champavert's* violence and pessimism are unexplained' in reference to the final story of his collection. It seems to me that the plot, described as that of the unhappy mistress who bears a child secretly and kills it to preserve her honor, is based on a real incident (not uncommon today — if one substitutes abortion for infanticide), and although the double suicide at the end may stretch the framework, that part of the poet's tirade against society which is quoted is well conceived in its wild irony and desperation. As O'Needy poetizes elsewhere in the book, 'The TRUTH is not beautiful / The TRUTH is not pleasant.'* Miss Starkie recaptures brilliantly the hysterical gaiety of Paris during the cholera plague of 1832. And in relation to the early Romantics' preoccupation with the macabre, it is well to remember that in spite of war and genocide, we have lost the daily realization of the pertinent imminence of death which hung over the disease-ridden and depopulated Europe of Metternich.

Petrus Borel's long novel, *Mme Putiphar*, based on the era of Mme de Pompadour, bears some resemblance to Laclos, but with the later complicated over-extensions of Sand and Sue. It was noted by only one critic who denounced it as 'obscene' and 'dangerous,' and compared it to De Sade (who appears in the book, praised as 'one of the greatest glories of France'). It would be interesting to consider these aspects of Satanism and 'obscenity' in French literature which constitutes a revolt against Catholicism.

In the hilarious description of the *Battle of Hernani* of Paris — 1830, one notices certain parallels to the Paris of the period after the first World War. This blazing youthful violence of Borel's revolt is re-echoed in Aragon's *The Red Front*. The riots of the Dadaists and their zestful assaults on the bourgeoisie resemble the outrageous behavior of the 'bouzingo' gang led by Borel. Cults arose. Women carried further the emancipation

*Translation by reviewer.

initiated by 'lionesses' like George Sand and Daniel Stern. Even the wide adoption of English upper class bad manners cited by Miss Starkie had an echo in the 1920s.

The less interesting part of Borel's life as colonization inspector in Algeria, and his difficulties with the corrupt bureaucracy of Napoleon III (Stendhal's 'most rascally of kings') is made clear and convincing. Miss Starkie's style is refreshingly free from dogmatic and didactic distortions. And she does not minimize Borel's high-handedness; his pride and excitability. But she notes that at Bled Toccaria during the plague, 'He built ovens to bake bread . . . he founded a dispensary, and even a school which soon counted eighty pupils. There were many saved by him, and Audin tells us of a family that holds the name of Borel in veneration because he had looked after their grandfather as an orphan child.'

O'Casey errs in his preference for the judgment of time, for time is only the servant of others; and knowledge of our real past through obscured figures like Petrus Borel depends on the industry of dedicated critical historians like Miss Starkie aided by the boldness and enterprise of publishers like New Directions. In the story of an ironmonger's son and heir to the French Revolution, gallant, intractable, embittered — whose crumbled promise served as nourishment to other, Miss Starkie has made not only a contribution to literary history, but to the record of human dignity.

— Adelaide Simon

In this issue —

LANGSTON HUGHES is perhaps the only active link from the fabled period of the New Negro renaissance of the '20s, now residing in New York City Hughes still writes and has a newspaper column . . . JAMES BOYER MAY has served and is serving in several capacities, editorial and other, for several contemporary magazines, author, editor, translator, and recorder of readings for Pacifica Records . . . CHARLES W. JORDAN, JR., is an old member of the Workshop, and now lives in Virginia . . . CERISE FARALLON lives in Taos and appeared in the last issue of *Free Lance* . . . ROBERT L. PETERS, of Canton, Massachusetts, MIRIAM JANS, of Lansing, Michigan, and BOB NYSTEDT, of Twin Falls, Idaho, appear here for the first time . . . IRENE G. DAYTON, of Rochester, New York, and JUDSON CREWS, of Taos, are included again in *Free Lance* . . . JIREL TRAVIS, of Los Angeles, New Yorker NORMAN ZARENKO, LEONE ROOKE, of Roanoke Rapid, North Carolina, and DON SILBERGER, a fledgling medic, appear on these pages for the first time . . . members of the editorial board RUSSELL ATKINS recently in *Western Review* and ADELAIDE SIMON continues her research on a definitive biography of Hart Crane.

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A PSYCHOVISUAL PERSPECTIVE FOR 'MUSICAL' COMPOSITION

by Russell Atkins

Psychovisualism does not try to frame new concepts. It is chiefly preoccupied with adjustments: adjustments that might make a composer several times surer of effectuality. The following is a condensation of the general tenets of a psychovisual attitude toward composing and sound.

Of all people, the artist might advantageously increase his knowledge of the creating 'mind.' It is more obvious today than ever that the power of 'music's' impressive communication lies outside of the very element that transmits it, sound, and has far less to do with objectivity in the combinations of that medium than presumed seemingly behind 'musical' practices. Though it is said to be common knowledge (and there is little doubt that it is) the psychovisualist wishes to reaffirm that the creative process is not apart from its constituents, and might appear in this perspective's hypothesis as the very nature of a paradox wholly responsible for the pleasure received of 'music'.

Psychovisualism, while not new in detail, occasionally, in its total perspective comprises a radical departure from the ordinary academic view of 'Music.'

In the interests of American 'music' it might even be said that Europe, being the parent of much 'musical' pedagogy, based that phenomenon on terms that represented what, during the limitations of a time, seemed to take place. That many of these terms have a basis will be shown. However, that basis is not the one ordinarily thought of.

That American music schools must persist, or prefer to persist, in a semantical figuration derivative of European beliefs, contributes to the dependent nature of American 'music.' The question of cultural intermingling, being as it is, too large for this limited discussion, I must assume that an American 'music' has ambitions of its own. To a psychovisualist it appears sometimes that European methods, for all their accomplishment, have not been thoroughly enough cross-examined in regard to American spiritual vitality. This is not to deny more or less esoteric investigations in musical matters by eminent scholars both European and American. It means that as far as the

general ' musical education ' is concerned, there has been little practical action toward lessening the influence of tradition as it practices its underhanded insistency.

ERROR OF ' MUSIC '

The psychovisualist finds it increasingly difficult to accept the term ' music ' as actually representative of other than improvisation or ' written for the ear.' He prefers to investigate the conditions existing between three things which he feels have become confused in rank ; sound, music, composition.

The psychovisualist concludes that ' music ' contrary to its presumptions as ' organized sound ' is the antithesis of composition. There is, to a psychovisualist, no appreciable validity in the term ' musical composition.'

The origin of the term ' music ' scarcely seems to justify its position as that of intentionally organized sound on the part of a composer. By the term ' mousike ' the Greeks signified many things compositely. None of them, however, qualify as mature Composition-and-Sound. ' Mousike ' was more or less a scientific matter related rather to sounds as found in nature (today's frequencies, partials, etc.). A 'musical composition' to a psychovisualist is one that is based on a science of sound. Such a ' composition ' makes use of relationships imposed out of a pure world of noises, tones, et al. Such a ' composition ' can be constructed on a distortion of such relationships which becomes, in its way, an opposite aspect of the same science of sound. Such a world has no significantly expressive form-meaning. It is a collection of raw materials. The composition must be made. In short, the psychovisualist contends that the small meanings that may be made to exist in an absolute world of tone relationships are derived from a larger more significant phenomenal world ; Composition As Object-Form. (Schism in modern music is that it will not conform to the old relationships of tonic pulls, scientifically demonstrable, and yet refuses to give up objective order of sounds as ' Composition.') The psychovisualist recognizes therefore that ' mousike ' among the Greeks was meaningless relationship in sound and the derivative term ' music ' plus ' musician ' is used by him to describe a user of tone relationships objectified by nature, primitively arranged in a discursion that is called ' ordered sound ' without significant form-meaning that comes only of a larger more significant world ;

Object-Forms. This is, only secondarily, a universe of sounds, but primarily a universe of objects.

The term ' music ' persists, however, as a definition of things it does not define, creating a figurative error that has guided the ' music ' world for centuries. It has forced into concept, the notion that sounds can be ordered by tone system techniques. To this end there has been a great deal of ' composing ' of ' music ' with sounds. Liturgy, chanting, etc., forms of speech-song, did not improve matters. As the psychological possibilities of Composing began to appear the medium of sound demanded that ' composing WITH sounds ' develop a syntax of a kind to attain higher order. Assumption that there may have been a greater relationship between language and sound-order than between the latter and anything else, finally expanded itself into monodic harmony with many presumptions, some scientifically demonstrable, concerning sound as organized. Harmonic syntax was no sooner established than psychovisual implications started to threaten the making of ' music ' WITH sounds. In its place, clearly visible for the first time, what had been obscure ; that Composition and sound applied was quite radically different from ' music.' Then and there ' music ' as presided over by Muses ; as tone-system, as a ' language ' received a deathblow. To the psychovisualist ' Music ' is passé. He purposes a day of absolute Composition.

COMPOSITION AND SOUND APPLIED

To a psychovisualist, the only intentionally organized sound on the part of a composer is Composition, which is not a binaural art but a VISUAL ART. In short, so-called ' musical composition ' is a VISUAL ART.

How then is it seen and where? The more complex explanation of psychovisuality revolves around how and where Composition is seen.

Say, for example, two intensities, noises or tones, are heard. What meaningful relationship exists between them? The ear distinguishes ; relates their partials. Of the rate of vibration a differentiation called ' pitch ' is established. It could be supposed easily that this ' pitch ' solves the matter ; for there is, then, certainly a ' high ' and a ' low ' of degrees that suggests a relationship. The greater frequency of vibration the ' higher ' the tone. The smaller the frequency the ' lower ' the tone. The adjectives ' greater ' and ' smaller ' could be replaced. The

'faster' the frequency of vibration the 'higher' the tone. The slower the frequency the 'lower' the tone. The words here that concern the psychovisualist are the words 'higher' and 'lower' and where they enter. Tones cannot be found existing actually in an objectively dimensional space of related positions. A 'high' or 'low' tone has no existence among frequencies. There is only vibratory rate.

The psychovisual composer accepts that 'high and low' is imposed by psychic phenomena on tones as a primary condition for meaningfulness.

To the psychovisualist here is the validity of Composition as distinct from 'music'; for music, fundamentally, is the wrong assertion that meaningful relationships for Composition exist in sounds independently. Proof of their invalidity as compositional materials is, of course, the music of modern composers. 'Fundamentals' to tonic diatonicism, and that as tonal relationship only too suddenly upon the heels of a tempered 'pitch' compromise, proved, if anything, to be merely 'music,' not composition, and has been discarded all but in one way; a distortion of these relationships has built a world of sound emphasis which has become, in its way, merely an opposite aspect of the same kind of science of objective sound-order.

By these things it may be understood that the psychovisualist believes that much that is taught as 'music' is simply a naive study of that truly important phenomenon, spatial relationships for conception.

Another bane of 'music' to the psychovisualist is that without exception it is written FOR THE EAR. THE PSYCHOVISUALIST CANNOT TAKE SERIOUSLY ANYTHING WRITTEN *FOR* THE EAR.

In the light of the foregoing belief in the psyche as the apparatus for form, and form conditioned by space relationships and those relationships depending upon both objective and introspective visuality, it suggests itself that the ear cannot appreciate ARTISTRY.

The ear, a mechanical organ responding to vibratory rates, differentiates between intensities. It can differentiate between many intensities. However, the psychovisualist is not altogether certain that the ear is responsible for differentiation of pitch as 'high' or 'low.' The ear is not a conceiving organ. It knows nothing of depth or height, organization, or geometrical relationships visually. It merely differentiates between intensities and

fast rates and slow rates of frequency. Musical practice, however, has not been anxious to dissociate pitch from ' high ' and ' low.'

Can serious composers honestly compose FOR such an organ as the ear?

It is a major tragedy to psychovisualists that many modern notators do so (and that many composers of the past did so) and thereby are not (and were not) creating Compositions, but writing ' music.' Mere harmonies or tone-system techniques are construed as Compositions. These are described erroneously as the ' tools ' of the ' craft ' and even become construed as automatically Expressive of Something if the harmonic technique is elaborate enough to delude the writer that he is composing. That he expresses he never doubts. This, of course, derives from dividing the constituents of the creative process in reverse. Composers today find tone-system techniques or ' tools ' ; construe these as Compositions and sit back waiting for them to express. The process is actually the reverse. The Composer wishes to express something. The thing to be expressed suggests a mode of Composition. A mode of composition evolves harmonic technique. It is assumed that a composer does not compose unless he has something specific to do or say in each Composition. However, he understands that having ' something to do ' is not evolving tone-system technique as a thing important in itself.

There is very little else in Composition but Composition and to be a ' musician,' contrary to belief, is no advantage. One composes for sound as for paint or stone. The false assumption is that composing and sound applied is different ; that is of a phenomenon independent of visual conditions.

For all its accomplishments, the composing-and-sound art has supported and is even yet supporting what seems to the psychovisualist, a few misinterpretations of its functions ; the primary fallacy being that there is an art for the ear made with sounds.

That sound-art is a visual art to the composer, and a composer, one who composes for sound to be applied, is psychovisual in perspective.

Now that we have suggested Composition as opposed to ' music ' we might better investigate Composition itself.

If all tones vibrated with the same frequency rate, say, slow, little differentiation of composing value would exist. Fast

frequency rates supply slow frequency rates with points for reference. Slow frequency rates are slow because there are rates that are faster. If it were not so, slow frequency rates might not be termed 'slow' or 'low.' However, once understood as 'slower-than,' differentiation relies upon a neutral element for meaningful relationship: degrees of Depth and Height for Composition. The matter stands that as frequency rates the terms 'fast' or 'slow' apply, but as Composition 'fast' and 'slow' are inadequate. Why? Basic form for meaning, as we have implied, demands spatial consideration. Psychovisualists assert that depth-andheight, having no reality among noises, tones, pitches, no position in objective space, is exactly the necessity that makes systematized sounds as an independent phenomenon absurd, for Depth-andHeight, borrowed concept from the 'real' or objective world is SEEN visually out of the boundaries of the eyes which are productive of a VISUAL FIELD. So conditioned is the psyche by the eye's command of a 'real' or material world of objects; so conditioned is it also by the neural response of our physical conditioning, that form comprehension psychically demands that we apply the same or the greater portion of such conditions to our thinking or it is meaningless. Therefore, notes are 'high' or 'low,' soprano *above* bass, not because soprano is *above* bass, but because they have been given such spatial positions to which any deviation can refer for related meaning. Consciousness of a spatial relationship of form-significance derives from or IS visual perception.

A form of visualizing is 'SEEING IN THE MIND' or 'MIND'S EYE' or PSYCHOVISUAL. This has been described as difficult to trust or understand. A psychovisualist cannot accept this as difficult in any way. Yet it is commonly claimed that 'music uplifts our hearts, our minds,' etc., or one hears of 'cerebral music' or any number of references to 'thought,' 'intelligence,' etc., all of which involves Mind. Whatever the constitution of this something 'Mind' be it from an Idealist or Materialist standpoint, generally, it is acceptable to both positions that enough 'qualititative substantiation' exists to warrant the term 'psychic phenomena.' The psychovisualist, in spite of whatever may be said in defense or in detraction of either position, is inclined to believe that the image making process is capable of a substantial influence on thinking. Dreams, wholly visible in 'mind' have a vivid existence thoroughly convincing during sleep. There is a possibility (and I do not need to inform

of the varied theories regarding this) that a waking state with its irritabilities, could easily obscure this ' psychic phenomena.' Such a direct physical phenomenon as sound, violently on the nerves, is substituted as all-important without the listener realizing that it is quite secondary to what really occurs when listening to music.

THE NATURE OF OBJECT-FORM IN COMPOSITION

The Academies instruct a student to regard sound, superstitiously, as an influence on the composing faculties, and as a phenomenon having a semantical and syntaxical structure depending upon, perhaps, ' authority ' under which the composer must abide. A psychovisualist rejects this theory. Sound is auxiliary. Objects in composition primary. To hear a sound when no object is present immediately propounds the question, ' What made that noise?' THERE IS NO SOUND OR RHYTHM SAVE THAT PRODUCED BY OBJECTS IN (INERTIAL) CONFLICT OR ' MOTION.'

' Music,' so-called, has no privileged phenomena to bring into being. Sound is plastic in its methods and concrete in its expression. A purpose of every art is to be seen for comprehension and comprehended for the pleasure of the ' feeling ' of relationships ; a feeling interpreted as ' emotion ' in the ' music.'

Therefore the figurative in ' music ' may be that which refers to it as being ' heard ' ; for in any phase of the ' musical ' vocabulary, visual images are employed ; images that have in inception been of images received of images upon the eye. Chord ' color,' ' form,' ' architecture,' frequently employed words in ' musical ' discussion among musicians, are distinctly indebted to visual phenomena and by the specified nature of the applications, signify some PARTICULARLY VISIBLE SOUND.

Here, of course, the psychovisualist can only more clearly discern divided essences of composition and sound application and language.

He grants that in common with painting and with sculpture and with language, ' music ' has an identical purpose ; communication. Notwithstanding, he feels that any effort to commit composition and sound applied completely over into the province of logic as behaving in language with the idea that such a province is the more related one, is the wrong perspective altogether. He feels, then, that such a relationship has been forced by

figurative error and subtly influences to the point of being almost taken literally.

It needs then reaffirmation ; Composition-and-sound literally is no language and cannot achieve what language can achieve in the way of communication by methods of discursion.

The specific application of words enables them to traverse in seconds a meaningfulness that a Composition-and-Sounds must convey in a far greater time length and less specifically. Because of the specific object behind words, they enjoy a conceptual multiplication and manipulation that sound cannot logically emulate to the same effect.

Therefore the related art behind Composition more aptly is that of the painter, and achieves by various devices specification as nearly as possible to the word-noun-object. The word ' house ' carries with it its spelling and its reference and regardless to what use it is put it maintains its identity as representative of a specific thing. A compound motivic organization acts similarly throughout a psychovisual composition in a presentational way. A composition and terms of sound has the disadvantage of having no semantics particularly applicable to specific things and must, so to speak, CREATE AND ESTABLISH (IN TERMS OF ' MOTION '-DEPTH-HEIGHT) AS CONCRETE AN OBJECT-FORM FOR ATTENTION AS POSSIBLE, keeping considerately in mind the dissipation of object identity in the delicate apparatus of (inertially) contradictory images.

It is this necessity, the establishment of an object form for attention, that Composition must achieve. And since that object-form in sound cannot be a majority symbol (as the noun 'house') of the thing, it can only do the next best thing ; adopt the geometry of abstract form — a majority symbol.

Thus the psychovisualist composes with this attitude ; that the object-form in Composition and sound application is a synthesis of the ASSOCIABLE FLEXIBILITY of a WORD-NOUN-OBJECT IN LANGUAGES and the STATIC FORM-OBJECT IN PAINTING. Such a primary in psychovisual composition is a 'COMPOUND MOTIVIC ORGANIZATION,' or OBJECT-FORM.

The purpose, then, of Composition-and-Sounds is to be SEEN psychovisually and ' heard ' only intermittently, finally not to be ' heard,' but COMPREHENDED by a feeling of relationships in object formations.

Sound is a result of the displaced elasticity of air caused by

a moving body. From the valve compression of a horn, the frictional displacement of a violin string, we have the action of a body that generates sound.

If the body generating the sound is not seen or cannot be closely discerned in the immediate vicinity of the sound we engender the illusion of a thing without encumbrance ; a kind of absolute, so to speak ; a ' sound ' FOR ' music ' wherein the mechanical displacements of types leave us with a variety of proportionately small noises of different quality.

Congruent, these small dissimilar noises achieve a ' disembodied totality ' or a separateness from the source. Composers who are not psychovisual accept this disembodied sound for music and employ it in ' movement ' without the wholly indispensable formulation of a body, and yet illogically assuming ' movement ' (illusory or otherwise) as possible without a body-form, proceed to compose in a state of psychic paradox exactly the opposite from the true state of affairs ; that is, that a body or OBJECT-FORM MUST EXIST IN THE MIND OF THE COMPOSER BEFORE SOUND APPLIED AND BE SIMULTANEOUS WITH MOVEMENT OF ANY KIND IN COMPOSITION. It is assumed somehow that because the eye cannot directly observe the pressure vicinitiy of the frictional body on the air's elasticity, that sound without a body-form can be made to make sense that way. This is no better than saying that a perfectly fantastic object never having been seen of heaven or earth, making a sound, but not present would make itself intelligible by that sound alone. To repeat : a sound heard and no object present invites the question, ' What made that noise?' It is that 'What' that Composition must achieve through sound applied : a distinct enough presentation of ' objects ' or ' things ' in motion and relationship ; for there can be no such thing as meaningful form-significance in organized sound for the ear. Sounds must derive directly or indirectly of presentational objects in VISUAL FIELDS.

The psychovisual composer experiences that the metavisual sound (produced by displacements of elasticity, not of themselves sufficiently proportionate to a sound totality), this whole sound becomes on the psychic level, an object of Forms of four Form Fields by stimulating visual properties in the psychic processes that are of meaningful space significance. It does on a psychic level what is being done on a physical level ; demand an inertial geometry of figural displacements.

(This brings us prematurely to a version of cosmic-equivalent inertia as an explanation of psychic displacements producing in a localised area illusions of motions, physically maintaining meanwhile, an elastic field of immobility.) (See Inertial Lineage Behind Psychic Content).

THE INVALIDITY OF INTERVALS-AS-SOUND, OF MELODY, OF HARMONY, FOR OBJECT-FORM

To say the word 'music' has persistently upheld a more intentional frame of sound succession than in evidence in noises. Having such a frame then must be at least intended for 'composition' however vague or unpsychovisual. The extent to which such a frame not only stems from intervals-as-sound, but refers to intervals-as-sound, to that extent it is not intentional. The more intentional the frame of order, the more is there Composition. The more Composition involved, the less the influence of sounds. In short, the most intentional framework for sound as applied on the part of a composer, is that of Composition. Intervals-as-sound in nature is the most unintentional framework, objective to the composer. The degree of maturity of a piece of 'music' is in its distance from unintentional intervals-as-sound toward Composition. Intervalic manipulation as Composition is, of course, a halfway mark.

There are music makers seriously convinced that intervalic manipulation imparts unity to a composition, and they concentrate upon this doubtful aspect and renounce sequential units as too primitive a mode for expression. They elaborate a set of intervals contrapuntally; retrograde; inverted, etc., and the thought or expression, such as it is, is IN THE INTERVALS-AS-SOUND. The gigantic fallacy of such an interpretation of composition is evident. A third up, a fourth down, a minor second up, say for example, is strewn throughout a 'composition' with the expressive intention of an amoeba. The 'idea' is then said to have been 'developed' in the best manner of these dubious appellations. Actually it is aimless repetition of another more insidious sort. When the work is heard, it is a suffusion of sound; the so-called variety in unity depending on the listener's 'ear.' That 'ear,' if it is 'keen' is treated (after considerable laborious exercise to unravel the composer's complications) to what? The extremely exciting repetition of intervals, 'ideas'? Inverted, retrograde, in dimunition, etc., and that with a host of

intervalic overtones that no composer can control?

A psychovisualist wonders then, what novelty is there in a fifth or sixth et al — intervals centuries old and commonplace — that they are given so little to do besides be themselves? To a psychovisualist intervals-as-sound have value only when rhythmically forged into a compound motivic organization as object-form. As a symbol, even a slogan, in notation, its purposes do not concentrate coherency on that limited level. Coherency occurs on the psychic level ; that is, psychovisually. Contrarily, the chief meaningfulness in intervalic manipulation ' music ' is but one limited level : notation. Notationally, there is a paradox : the most complex intervalic manipulation and counterpoint as ' composition,' when heard may sound naive and pointless to the verge of imbecility : the simplest devices of notation and rhythm (psychovisually conducted, especially) may emerge as startlingly complex to hear. The latter is so because if psychovisually conducted, it can be understood only through visuality. The former will seem as it does because there is nothing for the ' mind ' once the ear has performed its mechanical function well.

There is then no correlation between intervals-as-sound and form to justify intervalic manipulation as form discursively or otherwise. Intervals-as-sound could influence composition only if they themselves had to be composed ; that is, given partials of relationship independent of nature. Intervalic tone-systems of yesterday and of today bear this responsibility. Unfortunately, as implied earlier in this piece, this leads to reversal of the creative process in composing. Various orders of sound arrangement exist, but they are for themselves and post themselves anterior to Composition consequqently dictating to it their limited, even deplorable terms. As previously explained, psychovisuality is Composition anterior to and formulative of harmonic technique, such as is necessary. Truthfully, such techniques are figurative, having very little validity for Composition. What validity there is, is in applications. As application to Composition, having no validity as form, their validity is intervalic sound-order as color. Limited space, however, prohibits a discussion of intervals-as-sound as harmonic color.

Intervals-as-sound, and color mentioned (one indicative of a lack of validity in Composition) a third condition of intervals demands examination ; pitch relationship as time-space. Concerning time-space in Composition, a psychovisualist propounds his question : 'Why bother to conceive of "intervals" at all?' As

time-space intervals they are of no matter as color. As time-space their pitch relationship as sound is transformed by ' high and low.' Their function in Composition as time-space returns us promptly to organization of ' high and low ' as psychovisuality. Psychovisuality does not accept the validity of intervals-as-sound as melody. Tones sounded separately (melodic) of different pitch ; tones of different pitch sounded simultaneously (harmonic) form relative volumic relationships out of intensity and dynamics. The compositional value of ' harmony ' and ' melody ' is identical in action ; a continuum in two dimensional psychovisuality. The psychovisualist construes harmony, melody as spurious terms and prefers to eradicate them conceptually. The opening note of a Composition, to a psychovisualist, is conceived, not as sound, for there are no sounds in Composition, but as a point of attention from which a line will form becoming object-form. Such a condition for germination was described in terms of a tonic, soundfully.

The psychovisually intuitive composers of yesterday's surprising heresies, relative to their day, seem less so if it is believed that the tonic may have represented something to them other than sound. Their sometimes violent departures in sound from their contemporaries intimate that they were very possibly not thinking in terms of sound, but in terms of space, points from which psychic structures evolved. A fixed point requires only another such point to become a potential of object-form in the four levels of fields to be discussed later.

To the psychovisualist, definitely, a sound establishing itself and joined by another sound establishes an attention-form for psychovisuality. It may be called a ' lineal.' The listener may take exception to this as he pleases, but a composer is risking coherency to do likewise.

Now obviously, the slightest so-called ' movement ' (a successive coming through the ear of various pitches) annuls itself motionally (inertial contradiction) becoming a volumic continuum which psychic processes search for visual organization. From this point it is easy to conceive that every additional point must quickly formulate some contour of geometrical design, that is an object-form. The contradictions, so difficult of analysis in ' melodic ' motional inertia (to be discussed later in illusory motion) pose these psychovisual problems : (1) That when a Composition is first ' heard,' the very incompatibility of HEARING A COMPOSITION poses a paradox which requires violent

mental adjustment. We are not binaurally or psychically constituted to HEAR COMPOSITION. Composition must be SEEN. The phenomenal condition of the senses, created obviously without considering ' music ' as ' ordered sound ' does what it is conditioned to do. (2) Consequently, NO COMPOSITION IS ' HEARD ' WHILE IT IS LISTENED TO. Instead, the psychic processes, on the first hearing undergo a strenuous battery of successive sounds which, even as they fall on the ear, are not always ' heard ' for thought is engaged in visual reconstruction the very moment that seriously intended comprehension is put forth. This accounts for misunderstanding after a first hearing ; the necessity for ' hearing ' a composition many times before plausible visual comprehensibility ; and lastly something that may answer some of a very elusive question ; the question of the ' immortality ' of a work. In regard to this last, sounds-for-composition-to-be-seen being a thing which, partly by its contradictory nature, partly because of the unrealized proportionately small intake, plus the lack of materiality of volume form lines and the unpredictable character of ' memory ' as ' PERSISTENCE OF VISION,' takes time.

BRIEF ANALYSIS OF THE INERTIAL LINEAGE BEHIND PSYCHIC CONTENT

Now there must be introduced seemingly irrelevant matter in a discussion of Composition and sound. However, psychovisual composition necessitates the answering of some philosophical questions.

Let it be understood that a psychovisualist does not present himself as a psychologist or scientist or philosopher, but is pressed usually to explain premises. That is, the mind-forms, the theatre of mind content of paramount consequence to psychovisual composition becomes relevant by giving some account to the following hypothetical generalizations.

Thus far we have Object-Form in Composition which takes place in a qualitative substantive commonly called ' Mind.' If this seems a commonplace statement, that is, that it is common knowledge that ' music ' takes place in ' mind,' this very assumption constitutes the basis of psychovisualism ; for while this is certainly believed to be the case, very little ' music ' is taught or ' composed ' these days as if it were so.

As ' Music ' was dedicated to church necessities or under the influence of noble houses under church influence, sounds as

pre-composition took on certain standardizations. Even as far back as the Greeks the modes had taken on associations. Plato, in the *Republic*, was apt to be disparaging of the effects of music on manhood, signifying the Dorian mode as possibly the better for its martiality. Legislations concerning music's demoralizing influence were put before the state.

As harmony solidified major and minor patterns, mood associations and religio-philosophical attitudes toward the representation of moral dispositions solidified. ' Evil ' or ' unpleasant ' or ' sad ' thoughts overcome by ' good ' or ' pleasant ' thoughts became the struggles of tensions between major and minor. Sevenths and ninths (symbolic, perhaps, of disturbance or difficulty, even ' evil ') were rigidly controlled by their always being resolved.

Interaction between moral dualism and sound dualism grew, so that any composer excessively addicted to minor keys or dissonances unresolved. The second movement of the F minor quartet with its chromatic gloom was very likely shocking to many of Beethoven's contemporaries.

Such attitudes (to a psychovisualist) approximated a harmonic mind-form : Dualism.

Suddenly the ' mind ' paradoxes (of continuums and evolutions) and the cosmic paradoxes became inextricable (scientific investigation, of course, being vastly responsible) and the ensuing generations became qualitatively more complex.

With dualistic-absolutism dethroned, the psychic attitude gave evidence that it was not only capable of but intolerant of any but complex manipulation of dualistic-neutralism(humanism (nineteenth century) is to be included.) Numerical mind-form construction, one, two, and therefore three, assumed a surprising qualitative distinction of its own, something new, so to speak ; a state of psychic contradiction accepted, at least temporarily, as a condition of life.

Unfortunately, limited space prohibits the mind-form graph, but that graph was to show generally that mind-form has progressed away from simplified relationships and is capable of further progression as far as ' mind ' is concerned. But the ear ! Sound depending on the ear cannot keep up. Twelve tone work, for instance, employs contrapuntal technique to forge the complexity it senses in modern mind-form. Unfortunately, it exceeds the limitations of the ear by being too intervallically complex to sustain any reference to a composer's expression through the ear

and at the same time be able to fulfil psychic necessities. In short, counterpoint is a retrogressive, even naive way, of seeking to represent the complexity of modern mind-form. Reasons why this is so have been given. Sound is secondary and cannot emulate of itself the important features of psychic phenomena. There could be possibly a row series in psychovisual units. The threat, however, to maintaining key avoidance would increase which would greatly annoy an atonalist, conditioned as he is, seemingly more than anybody, to thinking in terms of sounds.

To the psychovisualist, it seems that the mind-forms have achieved a relationship to each other that sound cannot represent and so it must be abandoned as an object of Composition.

Mind-form having achieved this paradox of dualistic neutralism by conceiving of the probable resolution (something monistic), still acting dually, but knowing this, antithetically, three, there is by contemporary standards this fourth. This fourth is the psychic attitude to which progress has come.

Involved, of course, is spatial identity by ' instinct ' so to speak for equivalences : a link between visual form comprehensions that might be described as neuropsychospatial visuality phenomenization by using sound.

To a psychovisualist, the psychic processes must be believed to be qualitatively substantive, but of a form of inertial identity struggles.

PSYCHOVISUAL INERTIA HYPOTHESIS

Two spatial opposites, each qualitatively substantive, together in given space form third different from themselves. A three-formation distinct. (Three-form borrowing distinction by subtraction from opposites.) Three-form achieves fourth distinction (force of being in place of three resisting tendency to withdraw from constitutional identity). This fourth inertial cannot be analyzed actually, existing in the comparisons. Its potential : presentation three-four form.

(*To be continued*)

To be discussed in future issues of Free Lance ; Four Form Fields of Psychovisual Composition as Presentational Three-Four Form ; Composing Illusory Motion ; Persistence of Vision Limitations as Counterpoint.

' Oh, that someone would save them from their Saviour ! '
— Nietzsche

The huge ape-skinned African poet
thumped the trochaic mountain
of his prophetic chest,
and bellowed to the dumb
banana-god-slipping world;

Kill the holy paths and pious Capetown streets,
tear away the anthropomorphic friction
the indolence that holds
the passive pews and men
to the mediocre earth.

Tumble the continent and spill
every crossed converter
into the Pharaoh Sea;

Sin powerfully and not with shame,
for man is an animal
for the good
life-sake of himself;
the pious must perish
until man has evolved —
only then can the immaculate infirm
be helped, by ravishment.

Good, strenuous sin is the one
conquering way to survive,
therefore sin hard, sin well
and evolve to a riper blacker strength;

O my unbeaten brother, slip not on the mushy
white banana-bread-god;
Trample the red wafer punch steeples
and clutch them, grip them
between your toes
as if they were bloody grapes,
and leap the pagan way
surpassing the long-slumbering
suffering monster, Man;

Choose hell to icy piety,
and the Superman
to lily-lily martyrdom.

'And only where there are graves are there resurrections.'
— Nietzsche

— Robert Sward

There's the brick-wall window; see!
You hate windows?
Old ladies do not hate windows;
they tire of newspapers . . . it's their eyes,
partly, too.

What does it keep you from seeing?
Oh, that it blinds you
by facing you through unmoving holes
in tenement walls!

You can taste a city, masquerades,
watching through a window pane;
certain lives are largely streetcars
in a house or going with walls to work.
— Robert Sward

A BLACK ANGEL

Consider a mourner born a black angel
Having been worn and rotted through time by the hooves
of satyrs.

Ashamed of age and nakedness, bears a robe
Of fir trees and marrow tolling high marshes where
frogs sing;

Wears purple by night, raiment of mourning more than
regality.

And at dawn, still sad beneath the joyful sky
Rock, steep old city and rumbled cornes.
Cracked spires raised and mourn, bowed penitents —
this heedless sky:

Consider a mourner died a black angel.

— Don Silberger

LARGE THINGS SMALL THINGS

Large things small things
On the windows of the mind
Create images passing
Large things small things
All things receding together
A mountain and a child's swing
Yet none of them vanishing altogether
As seen from a car fence beams
Tree stumps pieces of glass
Consciousness catch to flash aware
A mountain forgotten and seen again
The rearision of the moon
Astronomers over their midnight tea
In a fluorescent lighted room
Talking of stars and galaxies
Exploded demolished and glacierized doom
A mountain slow-passing lingers the longer
Annoyance-hid tragedy burns back the stronger
Passing in any kind of weather
Large things small things
Yet none of them vanishing altogether

— Don Silberger

THE IRON SUN

The iron sun strikes sparks from hot macadam.
In the late ivy that crackles like cellophane
Charged with the wind of heavy traffic passing
It hovers as smoke hovers above tinder.

The iron sun melts in its own heat,
Makes room for autumn to flood the sky.
Fallen leaves, brown from remembered fire,
Scraps and skip along the gutters.

The iron sun has willed this fire escape
Clinging to the brick, black like exfoliated ivy.
A foghorn booms (is answered) down the river
Drear comments on the transiency of weather.

The iron sun rusts the edge of evening.
Where stagnant ocean flops against the piles
Of wharves. There, the decayed mouth of the river
Exhales, on all, its molluscs and its worms.

The iron sun rests with the weight of thunder
Against the aching windows of this city
Whose beaten streets are prowled by ghosts in August
Like sailors-on-leave depressed in a dull town.

— Don Silberger

CENTURIES MORE THAN PITY

By afternoon the old men over the food
Of restaurants appraise the waning day.
In gunny sacks their withered bones exude
The grime of travel. Summers burned them gray,
About their heads, like granite. Each appears —
As ancient, as enduring as the city —
A man who worshipped sun, engraved the years
On boulders standing centuries more than pity.

The railroad bridge that spans the tainted river,
The daybreak stamped in ruins on the hill;
Those druids gathering rags from city litter,
Of these, of lonely trams, have had their fill.
Their druid prayers are part of all the scene
They beat their old stone skulls to grieve away,
That here remains more solid than the dream
In lurid Extras hawked at death of day.

More filled with age than druids the glistening streets
Lie wrinkled at four a.m., the molted skin
Of lizards who take this hour for their retreats
By building backs to watch the day begin;
While here the all night restaurants await,
Like lizards' eyes, the keen arriving light
Whose chill provokes cold brains to estimate
The count of stoneage wanderers stilled by night.

— Don Silberger

INVOCATION

sky-wet, thunder-washed face
night-scarred, cloud-swift face,
eye that I serve, wind that I
flee, melt, tear, the dying metal
that I am.

Vanish me to
worlds of knifing foot-steps
carving earth-mind, laughing jaw,
father. Mother of my ruin, bend me
to you, lipless, stone-tail stare.
rock that I pray, fire-bearer, keep
my ending-rite for her, save the
dust of me in iron jars: ashes
of ashes, dust in the singing fire
grown green. Tame the ice-white
ox of heaven,

harvest her song.
gold that I lie, feast of eagles,
draw her incense over the flayed hill.
Fire that I see, unbound, wind-sired,
burn the plain, burn in the fire
a lion-footed windway, star-sown,
place of my sons' sons, home-land.

— Hollis Frampton

THE DWARF

Today the butterflies weaving in and out
between the sunlight and the weeds
would teach me the language of ambiguity
though a dwarf was brutally killed
and baked in his own blood. Is my
wisdom so much greater than theirs
as they dive into the dark of the hedges
or kiss in flight? The dwarf in any case
was ugly and she who loved him,
mistress to a neurotic manufacturer
of sardine cans, herself had ordered his death
for although she had favored him
with her best pair of smoke-eyes, he
would not grow tall to her whisper.

The rails I followed
were not laid out by butterflies
weaving in and out between the sunlight
and the weeds: they were straight,
curving only when engineers spoke, and the two
white butterflies imprisoned in the steel
were specially trained to resist the smell
of pine trees. I had no trouble
following them to the decayed shack
for as long as I kept my eyes on them
they were there. At the broken hill
I saw them prepare for the journey back

Inside the principals were all assembled.
No one denied the crime. The blonde,
her globes of sex moving a continent
of men when she walked, rose abruptly
to kiss me to cinders unless I exploded
my gun — outside. The jealous manufacturer
puffed his cigar making smoke come out
his burning mouth the shape of sardine cans;
and the gunman, a velvet kerchief around his neck,
at last looking like his favourite movie hero,
held up the religious text :

KILL ONLY FOR REWARDS

I espied an abstracted citizen but he
turned away from me to a corner and was sick.

The blonde swore she had loved the murdered
dwarf; often had let him rest his small head
on her vagina, a favor she had denied
the manufacturer till he had bought her
a golden can-opener. The manufacturer excused
himself, saying he had loved her, that he was
not a sentimental philistine but a poet: he
had provided the money.

He was that fond
Of his fucking blonde
He had cashed a bond.

Poet turned manufacturer. The times bred them.
The real killers.
The gunman shyly held up the religious text.

' You see, he would not grow up to my whisper,'
the blonde said, dabbing her attractive nose.
' Yah, he was too small,' concurred the others.

— Irving Layton

FIAT LUX

Do not, son,
the Sabbath dishonoring,
switch on the lights, the black beard said,
for with a quiver from His bag of cloud
God kills in a revenging wrath.

Alone in the dark shall the boy sing?
Shall he pray? No, let his father pray.
His father's lips are red, red and full,
and the beard black. Bald and skinny the boy
stared at the switch, a nipple marooned in the wall,
and could not keep his trembling hand from it,
no more than Achan from an emerald.

The dull metallic click he heard
was like a small bone that had snapped
perhaps in his skull
or somewhere below his perspiring neck;
and through the room, reeling with vertigo, filled
with a salt light that all but blinded him,
God has yet not struck or killed.

— Irving Layton

CHOKECHERRIES

The sun's gift —

but the leaves a sickly green;
the more exposed curling, showing
a bleached white, many with ragged
holes;
Caterpillars have been
here
sliding their slow destructive bodies
over them.

I think of them, the leaves, as hoplites
or as anything ingloriously
useful
suffering, dying . . .

But the chokecherries,
ah;
Still, the leaves' sacrifice
is acrid on the tongue.

— Irving Layton

ONE VIEW OF DEAD FISH

Had it been a drowned child
it should have owned some proof
of birth, and sagacious forebears
  for this neutral water :
  someone to mourn, a name.

But being a rotting fish
its fins, a red streak in the crumpled
water, Mattered to no one
  nor the white of its decomposing beauty

Ludicrous its solemnity
on the throbbing water.

— Irving Layton

IN WHITMAN'S YEAR . . .
FOR MORSE, COLE AND DURAND

The narrow slice of sunlight on this ledge of rock
above the canyon's spinning wall
memories me back to purer days of light.

In Whitman's year were bearded men
with brows like cliffs
who looked upon the land as on a new creation.
They painted light as spears of hefted gold
Jove-slanted through the boles of trees
they painted seas and rivers as the tossed gold shields
of warriors in a conflict of the gods
their rocks were battlements of paradise.

Semi-divine, the bearded men
stood on rock ledges in the gold onslaught of light
their eyes were eagles, and their lifted hands
would hold back time itself.

I stand upon this narrow ledge of rock
unwarmed by sunlight wedging thinly through the pines
downward the canyon spins to the trinket stream
the air along my shaven cheek is cold
and nowhere is an eagle in the sky.

— Alan Donovan

I KNOW A MAN[1]

As I sd to my
friend be cause I am
always talking, — John, I

sd, which was not his
name, the darkness sur-
rounds us, what

can we do against
it, or else, shall we &
why not, buy a goddamn big car,

Drive, he sd, for
christ's sake, look
out where yr going.

TWO WAYS OF LOOKING IN A MIRROR[1]

At midnight the world is a mediate
perspective.

And hence
to an immaculate
bed the time of
passion,
flower of my mind. Consumptive
prayers keep us: the moon in its low chamber.

And about us, rayed out in a floral wall —
paper-like pattern, the
facts of our union. Bliss
is actual, as hard as
stone.

— Robert Creeley

[1]Reprinted from his book, *All That Is Lovely In Men*, J. Williams, 1955.

AN IRISHMAN'S LAMENT ON THE APPROACHING WINTER

Hello to you, lady,
who will not stay with me.

And what will you do now for warmth
in a winter's storm . . .

A cold wind take
your mind from its mistake.

THE BUSINESS[1]

To be in love is like going out-
side to see what kind of day
it is. Do not
mistake me. If you love
her how prove she
loves also, except that it
occurs, a remote chance on
which you stake
yourself? But barter for
the Indian was a means of sustenance.
There are records.

THE CHANGES[1]

People don't act
like they act
in real life
in real life. They
are slower
and record the passive changes
of atmosphere.
Or change themselves
into green persian dogs
and birds.
When you see one
you know the world is a contrivance.
It has proverbiality.
People are poor.

— Robert Creeley

[1]From *All That Is Lovely In Men*

XXXIV

Many years ago
I liked to roll in dead leaves.

I would lie on my back surrounded by color.
And the trees with their branches reaching upward
Were yawning like a little girl at bedtime
Who had pulled her dress over her head
And dropped it at her feet.

My back would itch
And I never gave a damn whether it was lice or leaves
Or who saw me scratch.

B. M. T.

run run run little people
of the hills & the subways
run to your jobs
small dirty-faced folk
who pace about in your cages
so gracefully
in the bleak blackness
of the sooty world beneath.
you seem completely without love
but then, it's just as dirty up above.

LAUTREC

wine . . . grape juice . . . orange juice
h2o
spilled on the fronts
of cheap rayon nighties
i know a place
43d st.
there are these people
wearing nighties by day
and nothing by night
all just east of Broadway
crush out your cigarette
before it burns you
and come see for yourself . . .
— Denison Hatch